

The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

The Spring Zephyr



I am the gentle breeze
That blows in
spring—
The thing
Concerning which
The poets sing
Their melodies.
I flip the hats
Through the
street;
I rout
The microbes out
And send
The man who falls
To close
His mouth or use
His nose
For breathing pur-
poses. I make
The hobbie skirt
Look like a pair of
dights. I'm wild
and free;
I break
Through windows,
and I flirt
With destiny.
I am the gentle breeze;
I scatter the dust
Upon the wicked
and the just;
When buds begin to
bulge
I rip off signs and
uproot trees,
I cause old people's
bones to ache;
I make
The rich depart for
warmer climes,
And carelessly be-
times
I cause the poets to indulge
In rhapsodies.

Bound to Be Respected.
"Don't argue with me," snapped the boy's father.
"I'm not arguing with you, father."
"You are. You've contradicted me six times."

"I haven't contradicted you once."
"Confound it, don't you think I know a contradiction when I hear one? I want you to understand that you've got to respect me more, or I'll whale the liver out of you."

"I do respect you."
"You don't! You never have. You don't know what respect is."
"All right! Maybe I don't."

"Stop it! Confound you, isn't it possible for you to ever stop talking? Must you always have the last word? You're just like your mother. But I'll teach you to have respect for your parents before I get through with you. Don't you forget that! If you could only learn when to stop talking it would be a blessing. Here! Come back here. What do you mean by going away when I'm speaking? And don't stand there with a hang-dog look, as if you were dumb. Speak up. Say something!"

It's a Gay Old World.
It's a gay old world when you're glad,
And a gay old world when you're sad;
But whether you play
Your tolling away,
It's a gay old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great,
And a mean old world if you're small;
It's a world full of hate
For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone,
The thing it must be
In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

The Pessimistic Father.
"Just remember, my boy, that the higher you set your goal the finer your achievements will be when you reach it."

"Yes, I know that, dad, but isn't there a slight chance that I may set it so high I'll never get quite to it?"
"Oh, thunder, don't worry about that. You'll never reach it, no matter where you set it."

The Sensible Deacon.
"I possess the faith that moves mountains," said the good deacon.
"Do you?" replied the skeptic.
"Let's see you move yonder little hill!"

"No. You don't suppose I'd run the risk of losing my faith trying to do a fool thing like that, do you?"

A MISTAKE.
"They say he let his fortune slip through his fingers."
"They're wrong. He let it run out of a bung-hole."

To Be Expected.
"Do you think anything will come out of this Mexican war scare?"
"I shall be greatly surprised if another batch of pensioners doesn't come out of it."

Undoubtedly.
"The more I study men," said Miss Shimson, "the less I think of them."
"Well, aunty, you must have thought a lot of them in the beginning," replied her pert niece.

In These Days of Many Operations.
"I met Mrs. Gifford yesterday," she said.
"Did you?" he replied. "Was she going to the hospital or just getting out?"

FIXING THE BLAME.
"Auntie, when you were a young girl were you very pretty?"
"Yes, my child, very pretty."
"Were you popular?"
"Oh, yes, very popular. I was the belle of the neighborhood."
"Didn't any young men ever come to call on you?"
"Oh, yes, my dear. Lots of them."
"Then, auntie, why is it that you never married?"
"Nobody ever proposed to me, my dear."
"Why not?"
"I don't know. But I've often thought it must have been the high cost of living that scared the young men off in those days."

The Longest Day.
A retired colonel had been advised by his doctor that he did not give up whisky it would shorten his life. "Think so?" asked the colonel.
"I am sure of it, colonel. If you will stop drinking I am sure it will prolong your days."
"Come to think of it, I believe you are right about that, doctor," said the colonel. "I went 24 hours without a drink six months ago, and I never put in such a long day in my life!"—Tit-Bits.



METHOD.
Victim—What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts? I've said yes three times, and it hasn't made any difference.
Barber—No! I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em wants honing.

Puffed Proverb.
Though thereunto by gentle suasion sped,
He may the reservoir approximate,
You cannot force the equine quadruped
The aqua pura to ingurgitate.

An Impression of Ease.
"I understand that your boy Josh is studying to be an electrical engineer."
"Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "I advised him to take it up. I heard some fellows say that nobody really knew a whole lot about electricity, so I thought maybe Josh would have some chance of passin' examinations."

Warring Tastes.
"Why does Mrs. Paddy seem so uneasy with Miss Flitty?"
"Because Mrs. Paddy is a great stickler for the fitness of things and the peculiarly appropriate in house decoration, and there sits Miss Flitty in a Bulgarian blouse with her feet right on a Turkish rug."

A Reflection.
"Miss Wilson's failure to have a lower berth given up to her proves one fact, at least."
"What is that?"
"That on a railroad train, if nowhere else, no one cares to be the man higher up."

Well?
Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains! Quite ridiculous!
Jack—That so?
Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent.
Jack—Well?

LEAVE BEFORE TOO LATE.
First Boarder—Why are you going to leave?
Second Boarder—I'm afraid the landlady has designs on me.
First Boarder—How so?
Second Boarder—At supper last night she gave me the breast of the chicken instead of the neck.

His Old Haunts.
The girl that Titian loved to paint
With fame tradition crowns.
And as to them we've no complaint;
But how about the towns?

Technical Enough.
Benign Old Gentleman—Poor little chap! Where did that cruel boy hit you?
Tommy—Boo-oo-oo! We were 'avin' a naval battle, an' 'e torpedoed me in the engine-room!—Tit-Bits.

Polite Eggs.
"Are these eggs fresh?" asked the careful housewife.
"No, indeed, ma'am," responded the honest clerk. "They're old enough to know that it's impolite to talk back."

Do It Now!
Our combination offer with the Enquirer, etc., set out on page 4 of this paper expires May 23rd. It's the greatest combination ever offered. Get busy!
You can renew in advance and thus get this great combination. Positively no orders taken after May 23. DO IT NOW.

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Views of Indians

WARDS OF GOVERNMENT ASKED WHAT ITS POLICY TOWARD THEM SHOULD BE.

REPLIES ARE DIVERSIFIED

Younger Men Think They Should Have Their Property and Be Made Independent of the Bureau When Competent.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington—Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane has submitted three questions to several hundred Indian wards of the government. The Indians who have been asked to answer the questions reside on different government reservations all over the country. Here are the questions:

1. Do you think it would be a good thing for you to have your property and be independent of the Indian bureau?

2. What reasons have you for thinking so?

3. What one thing should the government do for the Indians that it is not now doing?

It is Mr. Lane's desire to find out what the American Indians themselves think should be the policy of the government toward them. The mailing list used by the secretary perhaps is not ideal, for undoubtedly the letters have gone to a class of men upon whom the white or agency influence may be strong. Yet with all allowances the writers exhibit so wide a diversity of opinion that the authors must be accredited, as a class, with doing their own thinking.

Most of the writers agree that the Indians should be given their property and made independent of the Indian bureau as fast as they show themselves competent and qualified for citizenship. But opinions differ greatly as to what proportions of the various tribes are ready for immediate citizenship or what the policy of the government should be toward the remainder—which really is the gist of the Indian problem.

View of Younger Indians.
The younger and better educated Indians urge that the only possible solution of the Indian problem is to let each Indian solve it for himself. They deprecate the old tribal laws, customs and ways of living, the influence of the chiefs and the patronage of the government and are anxious to have all Indians adopt white civilization. Writers who express these views say that the Indians are irresponsible children mainly because the government has always cared for them; that the government cannot treat them as wards forever and that they will make little advance as long as full citizenship and individual responsibility are withheld.

Those who take the opposite view hold that Indians are Indians and must always remain so; that since the government has taken their land it is under a moral obligation to support them forever. Secretary Lane says this group represents a small reactionary minority, made up almost wholly of chiefs, headmen and full-bloods of the less progressive tribes who, while still holding this view, resent government interference with their native customs.

Fear of Taxation Cited.
A third class expresses the hope of eventual civilization and full citizenship but suggests that immediate citizenship would generally be bad for the Indians. They point out that many individuals could safely be entrusted with citizenship at once but that many more would be ruined should the government withdraw its patronage. Writers who take this view of the Indian problem usually emphasize the Indian's fear of taxation. They tell instances of Indians who sold their lands for little or nothing to escape taxes and urge that because of this fear lands given to the Indians should be exempted from taxation for a given period.

A striking feature of the replies is the volume of the opinion that the government should do more to teach the Indians practical and scientific methods of farming and stock-raising. One Indian from Minnesota pleads that the Indian bureau should do for the Indians of that state what the state government is doing for the white farmer, in instruction and demonstration. Heterogeneous as the replies are, half of them contain pleas for better teaching and that the Indians be enabled to buy tools and implements and live stock. Representatives of the Yumas write that their tribe is not sufficiently advanced in civilization to be independent, and ask that they be allowed to form a tribal government and have some voice in the management of their own affairs as part of a preparation for citizenship. A Kickapoo writes: "You can't make the Indian independent by doing his business for him. While not all Indians will be successful if left to their own resources, neither are all white men successful." Says a Crow Indian: "Until our people are made to love their homes and lands and develop them, we shall not advance in civilization."

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THE MADISONIAN

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FABLES FOR THE FAIR

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT HELP HERSELF

There was once a Woman who had Never Learned how to Swim, although she Went in Bathing every day in the Summer. She had a Friend who had Acquired this Art with Some Trouble, and was very Proud of her Proficiency in it.

"It is Absurd," said this Friend, "to Live Near the Water and Not Swim. It Makes you very Attractive to Good Swimmers if you can Go Out with them, and they do Not Feel that you are a Drag on their Pleasures. What would you Do in Case you Fell off the Pier? Now, Watch me!"

With these words she Dived off into the Water and Swam about By Herself.

"It is a Good Thing to have a Woman Swim so Well," said one of the



SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY INQUIRING AFTER HER HEALTH.

Men near by. "Now, if Any of the Children Fall Into the Water, She can Rescue Them."

Just then the Woman who Could Not help Herself uttered a Scream and Fell into the Sea. Instantly Five Men leaped in to Rescue Her, and Spent the Rest of the Day Resuscitating her and Inquiring How she Was, leaving the Swimmer to Dive by Herself.

This teaches us that Nothing Succeeds like Distress.

L. & N. Time Table

South Bound

No. 31—Cincinnati to Atlanta, arrives and departs (midnight), 12:10 a. m.
No. 71—Richmond to Stanford, departs 6:45 a. m.
No. 1—Louisville to Beattyville, arrives 12:10 p. m., departs 12:15 p. m.
No. 37—Cincinnati to Knoxville, arrives 11:42 a. m., departs 12:12 p. m.
No. 33—Cincinnati to Jacksonville, arrives and departs 11:31 a. m.
No. 27—Richmond to Louisville via Rowland, departs 1:00 p. m.
No. 3—Louisville to Beattyville, arrives 6:45 p. m., departs 7:35 p. m.
No. 9—Cincinnati and Maysville to Stanford, arrives 7:31, departs 7:35 p. m.

North Bound

No. 34—Atlanta to Cincinnati, arrives and departs 4:11 a. m.
No. 10—Stanford to Cincinnati and Maysville, arrives 6:20 a. m., departs 6:25 a. m.
No. 2—Beattyville to Louisville, arrives 7:15 a. m., departs 7:20 a. m.
No. 28—Louisville to Richmond via Rowland, arrives 12:05 p. m.
No. 38—Knoxville to Cincinnati, arrives 1:35 p. m., departs 2:00 p. m.
No. 70—Stanford to Richmond, arrives 2:30 p. m.
No. 4—Beattyville to Louisville, arrives 1:35 p. m., departs 1:40 p. m.
No. 32—Jacksonville to Cincinnati, arrives and departs 5:07.
Nos. 31, 37, 33, 27, 34, 28, 32 are daily trains.
Nos. 71, 1, 3, 9, 10, 2, 70, 4, daily except Sunday.

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